1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19



512 rejoice, for they know that Kuma, the goddess creator of all things,
519 is content with them and is sending them a greeting in token thereof.
796 On the wings of the wind comes the roar of the araguatos.

But life starts in the east and ends in the west. The day is done and the night comes on. The Yaruros turn to face the east to watch
821 the beginning of star travel and also the fiery appearance of the
796 moon and its transformation to a chaste white. The sands glisten and above flash "falling stars", but the Yaruros say that these are messengers of Kuma doing their errands.

512 Then the women roll cigars, light them, and pass them to their men.
276 Everyone smokes and there is great contentment. There is reluctance
462 to stand up, so if a woman has to fetch some object, say a firebrand,
● [576] she will crawl on all fours, looking not unlike some large but indescribably graceful ape.

When several stars of the big dipper have appeared the women
512 rise in a body and walk into the darkness west of the camp. They
462 disappear from sight and hearing. What mysteries they perform they only know. The men are left alone and they talk about heaven. The children play merrily.

The women return and quietly take their places, ready to prepare more cigars. It is good to lie naked on the sand looking at the sky,
000 listening to nature's symphony. With the same persistent effortless rhythm of the pulse beat the world outside of the individual is felt. There is the merry laughter of the children and the soft, deep, contented gurgle of the women; the soft voice of the shaman painting religious pictures, explaining existence; the murmur of the wind as a background to the calls of night birds, and the blowing of toninos, the splash of frolicsome fishes, the intermittent howl of the monkeys, the bark of the wolf, the roar of the jaguar; and the warmth of a full stomach.

512 A figure may detach itself from the camp shadows and disappear
796 in the darkness of the west. Several young men may afterwards take the same path—to join the shaman in his preparations for communion with the gods. They leave behind them a feeling of expectation but nothing is said. Someone has put up a bare pole where the sand is hard packed.

796 The shaman returns and goes to sit in front of the pole facing the
791 east. He sits quietly and alone in deep reverie. Later he may ask for a cigar. His wife will supply him with one.

After a period of contemplation he may begin to sing and dance. His people will join him. The music will become more and more animated, the singing and dancing will be done with increasing abandon. The stars and the moon will go their ways to rest in the west.
512 It is only when the sun peeps over the eastern horizon that they will

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up and down the rivers in their canoes, or lying on the sand, feasting on crocodile or turtle. He would see stolid fixed faces, uncommunicative, affrighted. But if this traveler were to stay he would discover that from sundown to sunrise the Yaruro lives in an intensive romantic world which he cannot and rarely would care to share with anyone else.

We returned from the trip to La Urbana at sundown when bars of yellow, blue, and white light streaked the western sky. The Yaruros were sitting on the sands watching this phenomenon with a certain rapture. They sat quietly and in silence facing the west until the lights had faded and merged into a subdued golden glow. Then Landaeta came and greeted me affectionately. He spoke of what we had just seen in the western sky, explaining that it represented a greeting from the mother goddess Kuma, to her children the Yaruros and to me. The other men came also, and the women too put their arms about me, but the latter kept their faces averted as is proper in Yaruro culture. We settled ourselves on the sands. Small fires were burning with remnants of turtles and crocodiles broiling over them. The sands glistened in the moonlight that soon came upon us. Araguato monkeys roared in the distance. An occasional bird sang. Insects hummed. Toninos frolicking in the water came up to blow lustily. And Landaeta explained that these animals were also children of Kuma and that everyone in Kuma's world was glad that I had returned.

We smoked and Landaeta talked, recounting what his gods had told him about me; that now I was one of their family, and he affectionately called me "adjimai oteh" (elder brother), which became the standard form of address by all of his people. In return I was asked to call them little brother and little sister.

At a point Landaeta rose and walked away into the darkness. His son and nephew followed him soon afterwards. He returned after an absence of half and hour, wearing his shaman's ceremonial cap and breechclout. He went to sit on the clean white sands to the east of the camp, where he remained still and quiet for a long time. His wife went to him with a lighted cigarette. He smoked this in silence and alone. Finally he made a sign and his son and nephew rose immediately to plant a pole a few feet in front of him, and then retired again into the darkness. After some time Landaeta rose, and facing the east in front of the pole, continued to smoke in silence. It seemed a long time before he began to sing, softly and hesitantly, which time was measured by the rising of the stars. After he had finished two songs his wife approached him again, thrusting into the ground, close to the pole, a stick from which hung a small basket. Landaeta continued standing, facing the east and singing, pausing briefly between